

POEMS

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FRANCIS MAITLAND

POEMS

POEMS

BY

FRANCIS MAITLAND

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET

M CM XVII

TO A. M.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

*Go little book, and if you pass unheedea,
And all companionless upon your way,
Yet so my labour is not vain that made you,
That knew the joy of making day by day.*

*But should you find one friend upon your journey,
One resting place in heart of man or maid,
Comfort one soul, or give to one wayfarer
One moment's gladness, I am doubly paid.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
SUNSET	9
ἡ τὰν ἡ ἐπὶ τάν	10
CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE	11
COHASSET I	12
COHASSET II	13
HOW LONG ?	14
LOCI DULCEDO	15
DIANA	16
DOG DAYS	18
SPRING IN ABSENCE	19
THE RETURN	21
QUAMQUAM O—	24
“MAIDY”	25
HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 22	26
HORACE. BOOK II. ODE 10	27
HORACE. BOOK III. ODE 9	28
HOMER. ILIAD, BOOK VI, 440-502	30
MILLWATER	35

CONTENTS

	PAGE
E. M. J.	36
R.M.S. TITANIC	39
ON THE LACEDAEMONIAN DEAD AT PLATAEA	40
THE BELGIAN DEAD	40
SURSUM CORDA	41
RHEIMS CATHEDRAL	42
THIS DEAR, DEAR LAND	45
THE SPLENDID VISION	46
RESOLVE	48
KILLED IN ACTION	49
"STRICT ACCOUNTABILITY"	50
VOX POPULI	51
THE WATCHING DEAD	56

NOTE

THREE of the sonnets have appeared in the *Times*, and one of the translations in the *Westminster Gazette*, and I desire to thank the Editors for permission to reprint these poems.

Sunset

WHEN I have fully satisfied mine eyes
With the calm beauty of a summer's eve,
Have watched the sun sink down to rest, and leave
A splendid radiance in the western skies ;
The glory fades, all creatures hush their cries,
The gates of Death stand open to receive
The lingering light, and Nature seems to grieve
For the slow passing of the day that dies.

Then will a subtle melancholy steal
Upon my senses, and the voices deep
Of Night and Death call with a mute appeal.
Why will men strive and wrangle, laugh and weep,
When such an hour can almost reveal
The beauty of the everlasting Sleep ?

ἡ τὰν ἡ ἐπὶ τὰν

THESE many months I have not seen thy face,
Darkness and gloom have covered me, the night
Has chilled my soul with doubtings, and my sight
Is all bedimmed, so that I scarce can trace
The narrow path that saves me from disgrace.
And hard it is to battle for the right
Without thy voice to cheer me in the fight,
Or speed my faltering footsteps in the race.

Come love, and save me, for my faith grows cold,
Come, and with thy sweet presence heal my pain,
And all my foolish doubts and fears remove ;
So shall I, like the Spartan youth of old,
Go forth to battle, and return again
Or with my shield, or on it, to my love.

Chicago Stock Exchange

BERT ALWARD

THE brawling voices babble as before
 Though one is hushed : the noblest and the best
 Is taken from our midst, and yet the rest
Still fight, and shout and wrangle on the floor.
But we shall never feel his presence more,
 Nor hear his merry laugh and constant jest :
 The Shades have welcomed an unwilling guest,
And darkness hides him on the farther shore.

Ah, cruel Death, why dost thou joy to show
 Thy power by striking down the young and fair,
Letting the weak and old escape the blow?
 Restore thy victim we so ill can spare !
Nay, for 'tis best, and thus he shall not know
 Old age, disease or poverty or care.

Cohasset

I

THE days are sped, and never shall return,
Days of deep joy, which Helen did beguile
With her sweet presence and enchanting smile
That could the veriest Hell to Heaven turn.
The days are sped ! God give me grace to learn
The lesson of her cheerfulness, the while
There stretches out before me, mile on mile
My lonely road. She will no more return.

Yet, though a dreary life before me lies,
Though I am dead henceforth to blame or praise,
And live but in past memories, mine eyes
Have looked on Heaven itself for six whole days ;
Nor life nor death can rob me of my prize,
This glorious memory that is mine always.

Cohasset

II

SHE sits beside me by the murmuring sea,
The weary king of heaven his course has run,
The earth lies hushed in silent reverie,
The sad, pale moon hangs in the southern sky
Watching the downfall of her lord, the sun ;
All nature is at peace, and night is nigh.

And tender words are rising to my lips ;
Alas, I may not breathe them in her ear,
Nor tell her of my love : and now as dips
The blood red sun beneath the western wave,
So sink my dying hopes : she must not hear
The secret I shall carry to the grave.

Yet I may love her still, and strive to make
This sorry world in which my days are past
A little happier for her sweet sake ;
May consecrate my life to her, and keep
Her image in my heart, until at last
Kind Death enshrouds me in the mists of sleep.

How Long ?

THE weeks go by, the weary weeks go by,
The months are lengthened into years, the years
Are filled with sordid toil, and wet with tears ;
Nor Hell nor Heaven gives relief : the sky
Is brass above our heads, our feeble cry
Goes trembling up to Heaven, and no God hears,
But evermore dull, sullen labour sears
The aching heart, and will not let it die.

How long, Lord, must the sons of labour wait ?
How long must we refrain, and hold our hand ?
Some day the fierce and smouldering spark of hate
Shall of a sudden to a flame be fanned :
Then shall the lords of labour curse their fate,
While anarchy runs riot o'er the land.

Loci Dulcedo

ONCE again in thy meadows of Christ Church,
Through thy chapels and gardens again
I walk as of old, while thy towers
Ring out a refrain.

Dear Mother, my heart is o'er-flowing
With the joy of thy peace, as of yore,
While my steps in the hush of thy cloisters
Re-echo once more.

And yet, with the joy of the present
Is mingled the sadness and pain
Of regret for the days that are vanished,
And come not again :
For now, in the toil and the hurry
Of the new country over the seas
I forget the deep calm of thy cloisters,
The shade of thy trees.

Wilt thou be with me there in thy stillness,
Wilt thou give me a part of thyself
In the noise of the street and the market,
The struggle for pelf?
Lest I weary and faint by the wayside,
May the thought of thy manifold charm
Bring peace to my spirits o'er-burdened,
And heavenly calm.

Diana

O MOON, that sailest in the heavens above,
Inscrutable, pale, beautiful, alone,
Art weary of thy solitary throne?
Dost long sometimes for sympathy or love?

Imperious mistress of the realms of sleep,
Colder and purer than new-fallen snow,
What would'st thou say to mortals here below,
To men that love and hate, that laugh and weep?

“ Ah, happy careless men, ye cannot tell
With what an aching heart I swim in space,
While the great sorrow written on my face
Speaks of the solitudes with which I dwell.

“ Men look upon my face and call me cold,
And know not that, behind the mask, a fire
Consumes me of unsatisfied desire,
And longing for the world which I behold ;

DIANA

“ The life I may not share, but still must see,
The petty, struggling life of man on earth,
Who is the sport of Fortune from his birth,
And yet hath love, which is denied to me.

“ Aye, and though sin and sorrow can destroy
The bliss of life, and even love can die,
I would renounce my immortality
For one brief hour of human love and joy.

“ The niggard gods, that had so much to give,
Made me a queen, but crowned me with despair :
I have not love—then wherefore am I fair ?
I am alone—what profits it to live ?

“ So, while I sail the solitary ways
Bathed in the light of my own loveliness,
The sorrow of eternal loneliness
Shines in the cold, pale beauty of my gaze.”

Dog Days

THE angry sun slow sinking in the west,
Casts one last lingering glance upon the earth
Which he has parched and withered all the day ;
And weary, worn out men prepare to rest
Where rest is none, and all glad sounds of mirth
Are hushed, and tired children cease their play.

At last the sun is down, and now the stars
Begin to peep with cruel, laughing eyes,
And mock the miseries of mirthless men.
The air is still as death, and no cloud mars
The pitiless perfection of the skies,
And night but tells the day's sad tale again.

Spring in Absence

NATURE her gifts is bringing
 To deck the fields anew,
And all the birds are singing,
 And all the skies are blue,
And all the land is gay, love,
 And all the world is glad,
But thou art far away, love,
 And I alone am sad.

What though the earth be learning
 The gladness of the Spring,
If all my heart is yearning
 For her it cannot bring.
What though the Spring be giving
 The best of all the year,
There is no joy of living
 If Helen be not here.

Could we but roam together
 The leafy woods of June,
In bright or cloudy weather,
 The world were all in tune.

SPRING IN ABSENCE

But now the night is dreary,
And dreary is the day,
And ah ! my heart is weary,
My love is far away.

Come back, my love, and cheer me,
And drive away my care ;
'Tis Spring when thou art near me,
And everything is fair.
Thy smile can bring the May, love,
That smile I know so well,
Can turn the night to day, love,
And make a Heaven of Hell.

The Return

I HAVE seen thee again, my beloved,
Thou art come in the pride of thy youth,
With thy beauty a garment about thee,
In thy mantle of truth :
Though my heart was a-weary with waiting,
And the days of thy absence were long,
Thou art come, and the world at thy coming
Is turned to a song.

When the night hangs her shroud in the heavens,
And blackens the face of the land,
And darkness broods over the waters
Ere day is at hand,
Of a sudden the tops of the mountains
Are touched by the fingers of dawn,
And all creatures give thanks for the daylight,
And sing to the morn.

THE RETURN

When the long weary months of the winter
Have forgotten that summer is gay,
While the sun hides his face in displeasure
And darkens the day,
One morning we wake, and the hedgerows
Are green, and the birds as they sing,
And the soft air that breathes in our faces
Are telling of Spring.

Thou art come, and the Spring is come with thee,
Thou art come, and the morning is here,
Forgotten the horror of watching
For day to appear.
Forgotten the darkness of winter,
The gloom and despair of the night,
In my heart is the gladness of Springtime
When morning is bright.

When the moon in her beauty arising
Makes glorious the heavens above,
When she floods the whole earth with her radiance,
Do we ask her for love?
So for me 'tis enough that I see thee,
Enough that my heart for a while
Is made glad with the joy of thy presence,
The light of thy smile.

THE RETURN

I have seen thee again, my beloved,
Thou art come in the pride of thy youth,
With thy beauty a garment about thee,
In thy mantle of truth :
Thou art come, and the Spring is come with thee,
Thou art come, and the morning is here ;
In my heart is the gladness of morning
When Summer is near.

Quamquam O—

WITH all my heart, with all my soul,
With all my strength I love thee, dear ;
Thou art my life, my light, my goal,
My Heaven and Hell, my hope and fear.

I would not that the lightest breath
Of harsh suspicion on thee blow,
And I would gladly welcome death
Could I but make thee happier so.

There is no comfort in my heart,
No happiness for us can be,
The Fates have set our paths apart—
A lonely path for thee and me !

Yet sometimes I may see thy face,
May press thy hand, and know thee true ;
Then silently my steps retrace
To commune with despair anew.

“ Maily ”

MAIDY with the laughing eyes
And the mind that none can follow,
Every word is a surprise
Maily with the laughing eyes.
Now thy thought deep-hidden lies,
Now it glances like the swallow,
Maily with the laughing eyes
And the mind that none can follow.

Horace. Book I. Ode 22

THE man of pure and blameless life
Needs no stout armour in the strife,
Nor poisoned arrow-head, nor knife
Of Moorish fashion.

Whether o'er stormy seas he goes,
Or through the inhospitable snows
Of Caucasus, or yet where flows
Fabled Hydaspes.

For while afar in Sabine glade
Singing of Lalage I strayed,
From me unarmed a wolf, dismayed,
Fled in confusion :

A monster, such as roams in bands
O'er Daunia's war-swept forest lands,
Or breeds in Libya's burning sands,
The nurse of lions.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 22

Set me where no soft breezes blow,
Nor any flowers or trees may grow,
Where is perpetual rain and snow,
And mist eternal.

Or where the car of Heaven's bright King
Brings death to every living thing :
Still Lalage's sweet voice I'll sing,
And her sweet laughter.

Horace. Book II. Ode 10

SAIL not too rashly out to sea,
My friend, nor, fearful of the roar
Of winds and waters, hug too close
The rocky shore.

Who loves the golden middle way,
Escapes the poor man's wants and cares,
Escapes the envious glance that waits
On millionaires.

High towers fall with mightier crash,
With the tall pine more fiercely fights
The tempest : 'tis the mountain tops
The lightning smites.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE 10

Fear in good luck, but hope in ill,
Prepared for all that chance may bring
The God that gives us winter now
Will send the Spring.

Misfortune comes not every day ;
Apollo clears his brow, and lo !
The sounding lyre takes the place
Of bended bow.

Should difficulties come, be bold
And play the man : should favouring gales
Too kindly blow, be wise in time,
And reef your sails.

Horace. Book III. Ode 9

WHILE I was the king of your heart, love,
And you kept all your kisses for me,
I'll wager no king on his throne, love,
So rich or so happy could be.

When Nellie, that impudent hussy,
Hadh't stolen my lover away,
Men might brag of their Norman descent, Sir,
But your Lucy was prouder than they.

But Nellie now holds me in bondage,
Such music divine she can make,
Could I purchase her life with my own life,
E'en death would I dare for her sake.

And Robert is now my adorer,
The son of old Benjamin Lake,
Could I purchase his life by my dying,
Twice gladly I'd die for his sake.

But what if the old love returning
Should bind me to Lucy anew,
If Nellie be scorned and rejected,
And my heart open only to you?

Then though he be a perfect Adonis,
You fickle and cross as the sea,
Yet to live and to die with my Charlie
Were fortune sufficient for me.

Homer. Iliad, Book VI, 440-502

THEN to her answered and spake great Hector the
waving-crested :

“ I too grieve for all this, dear love, but indeed it
were shameful

Here in the eyes of the men of Troy, and the long-
robed women,

If I should skulk like a coward and fly far away from
the battle ;

Nor does my spirit allow, which ever has made me
courageous,

Ever has taught me in battle for Troy to fight with
the foremost,

Jealously guarding my father's renown and my own
great glory.

Full well I know in my heart, and the voice of my
heart has foreboded,

Surely the day will come when all shall be brought to
destruction,

Ilium's sacred walls and Priam and all his people.

Yet I care not so much for the sorrow to come to the
 Trojans,
 Care not for Hecuba's woe so much, nor yet for King
 Priam's,
 Grieve not even so much in my heart for my own
 dear brothers
 Many and brave who shall fall in the dust at the
 hands of the foemen ;
 Nay, but for thee I grieve, when some stout-armoured
 Achaean
 Bearing thee weeping away shall deny thee the light
 of freedom :
 Then with Argos thy home thou'lt wield for another
 the distaff,
 Carrying water for her from Messeïs and swift
 Hypereïe
 Sore distressed in heart, and harsh compulsion shall
 drive thee.
 Haply will someone say when he sees thee bitterly
 weeping,
 ' This is Hector's wife who was ever the foremost in
 battle,
 First of the horsemen of Troy when the battle raged
 around Ilium.'
 Thus will they say, and thy grief will ever be freshly
 awakened,

Grief for the need of a man such as I to protect and
 defend thee.
 May I lie dead in the dark with the earth heaped
 high o'er my body
 E'er I be told of thy grief and thy cries when they
 drag thee to bondage."
 So spake mighty Hector, his arms to his child out-
 stretching.
 Back shrank the child to the breast of his nurse with
 the beautiful girdle,
 Shrank with a cry, at the sight of his own dear father
 affrighted,
 Fearing the brazen helm and the crest with the waving
 horse-hair,
 Watching the plume on the crest so terribly shaking
 and nodding.
 Loud laughed his dear father and lady mother
 together.
 Straightway then from his head great Hector removed
 the helmet,
 And on the ground he set it in haste, all glittering
 brightly.
 Then he took his child in his arms and fondled him
 gently,
 Kissed him, and prayed to Zeus and to all the gods
 of Olympus.

“ Zeus and ye other gods, grant this my prayer, that
the boy here

Be a true son of mine, like me the first of the Trojans,
Mighty in strength as I, and hold high lordship in
Ilium :

So shall men say of my son, ‘ He is greater far than
his father,’

As he returns from battle, and spoils shall he take
from the vanquished,

Slaying his man in the fight, and shall gladden the
heart of his mother.”

Thus having prayed, to the arms of his own dear wife
he returned him,

Even his child, and she to her fragrant bosom received
him,

Smiling through her tears, and her dear lord saw her
and pitied ;

Then with his hand he caressed her, and spake brave
words of comfort.

“ Dearest, let not thy heart be for me too sorely
afflicted,

Verily ere my time there is no man living can slay me,
But from his doom there is none can flee, be he
coward or hero,

Nay, not one can escape when the fates have surely
decreed it.

Therefore get thee home and attend to the loom and
the distaff,
Mindful of thine own work, and order thy household
wisely,
Set them about their tasks ; we men will attend to the
fighting,
All of us, aye and myself above all, whose home is in
Ilium."
So great Hector spake, and the helm with the crest of
horse-hair
Up from the ground he took, and his own dear wife
went homeward,
Oft she turned her about, and tears from her eyes
were streaming.
When she was come to the house, to the well-built
house of her hero,
Hector the slayer of men, she found there servants
a-many,
And to them all she brought loud wailing and lamen-
tation.
So in Hector's house they all were mourning for
Hector,
Living yet though he was, for they said he would
come from the battle
Never again, nor escape from the hands of the
wrathful Achacans.

Millwater

LADY of the Garden, no
Fairer spot than this can be,
Proud with Summer's bravest show,
Sweet to smell and fair to see.

Lady of the Garden, we
Poor town-dwellers, for a while
From the noise and dirt set free,
Thank you for your garden's smile ;

Thank you for a happy day,
And your garden's welcoming,
Fountains lazily at play,
Waters ever murmuring.

Then reluctant go away
Richer for the fairy sight,
Peace and quiet of the day,
Country noises of the night.

Summer days too swiftly sped,
Summer nights that fairer grew—
All things pass and these are fled,
Lady of the Garden, too.

E. M. J.

WHAT is he thinking lying there so still,
This tiny piece of soft humanity,
This little unknown stranger in our midst?
Is he astonished at the gift of life,
That brings him into such a strange, new world,
With all its unfamiliar sights and sounds?
What has this new-found life in store for him,
What joys and sorrows in the years to come?
I bid you welcome, little new-comer
To this new life : may it be kind to you,
And give you happiness and loving friends,
Noble achievement, length of prosperous days,
And health and strength, and all your heart's desire ;
The fulness and the joy of life in youth,
And wealth of pleasant memories for your age.
And since your sky will not be always bright,

And sometimes for the happiest life is hard,
Yours be stout heart and courage to endure
What share of pain the unseen years may bring.
To-day you are so helpless, small and weak,
Unreasoning and speechless and alone,
And we are big and strong and wondrous wise.
But a few years, and you will be a man,
And we shall be decrepit, feeble, old,
And worn with life, and you will feel contempt
And pity for our senile childishness.
And you will still be strong when we are gone,
When we have ceased from living, and have passed,
Perhaps to that far country whence you come,
Or where the silent, never-ending night
Shall bring us quiet and forgetfulness.
What will the world be like when you are old?
What new things will you know in years to come,
What conquests over earth and sea and air,
Won by a race of men to us unknown,
Men of your age and day? What new great names
Will be familiar on your lips? What deeds
Will win your praises in the days to be,
When all that we have striven for to-day
Is but a dying memory? The world
Grows older, but it does not greatly change.
Men come and go, but charity and love,

E. M. J.

Justice and mercy, pity for the weak,
And sympathy that feels another's pain,
Unblemished honour, loyalty and truth,
And hatred of all cruelty and wrong ;
These shall endure ; though men grow old and die,
These die not, neither are they dimmed by age,
But are forever beautiful and fresh,
And are of price to-morrow as to-day ;
Therefore keep these things always in thy heart.

R.M.S. Titanic

SUNK 15th APRIL, 1912

Requiescant in Pace

How shall we honour the unburied dead ?

Shall we go forth with loud acclaim, and rake

The sea for bodies ? Shall we, ruthless, wake

Each weary sleeper from his ocean bed ?

Shall the sad mourners thus be comforted ?

Can pomp of burial gladden hearts that break,

Or pitiful bride-widow solace take

From ruined sight of the beloved head ?

Nay, rather let us sing their deeds, not weep

These men that did their duty, shunned the door

Of safety, saving others from the deep.

Now in the hearts of men, from shore to shore,

Their memory lives : the sea that gave them sleep

Shall be their resting-place for evermore.

On the Lacedaemonian Dead at Plataea

"Ασβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες
Κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλλοντο νέφος·
Οὐ δὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθεν
Κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δόματος ἐξ Ἀΐδew.

SIMONIDES.

The Belgian Dead

August, 1914

THESE to their own dear land immortal glory be-
queathing,
Here in the mists of death darkly enshrouded abide.
Yet shall they live, though dead, for the fame of their
valour enduring,
Out of the House of Death living hath brought them
again.

Sursum Corda

LIFT up your hearts ! A foe is at the gate
 Jealous of England's greatness, jealous too
 Of all that she has done and yet may do.
His trust is in the sword, upon him wait
Terror and rapine : pitiless as fate
 He tramples on the weak, and now would strew
 Our English fields with English dead. To you
Is given to stay him ere it be too late.

Lift up your hearts ! We lift them up, and go
 Most joyfully to battle, proud to be
 In this our generation, of an age
To do our country service. Even so
 In days gone by our fathers fought, and we
 Are now the keepers of their heritage.

Rheims Cathedral

LONG ages since, a band of earnest men,
With zealous hearts uplifted, sought to raise
A noble house in honour of their God.
Untiringly they laboured, day by day
And year by year with pious hands they wrought,
And lovingly they builded, till at last
The temple stood perfected, glorious,
Adorned with all the wealth of sculptor's art,
With matchless glass and delicate tracery,
A thing of beauty in the sight of men,
A fitting habitation for their God.
And through the centuries the world has stood
And marvelled at their building, and been glad,
Rejoicing in the work of these men's hands.
It has endured the ravages of time,
The buffetings of tempests, it has stood

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

While generations of the tribes of men
Have come, and lived their little day, and passed
Into the night ; a thousand memories
Have hallowed all its stones, a mighty line
Of kings has been anointed in its courts,
And here the Maid, victorious, to her king
Gave back his kingdom : it has heard the clash
Of armed hosts innumerable, waves
Of pitiless war have surged against its walls
And left it scatheless : ever it has stood
Unchangeable, remote, inviolate.
But now the Teuton, spreading in his path
Insensate devastation, like the Hun
That dared to call himself the Scourge of God,
With his foul hand has touched it, and where stood
The fairest thing in all the world, to-day
A blackened ruin stands. Lord God of Hosts,
Whose attribute is mercy, but to Whom
Vengeance alone belongs, forget not this :
Write large the record of their infamy,
That generations yet unborn may learn
And hold in execration this their deed.
Forget it not, but let their name be passed
A thing accursed on the lips of men,
Their memory be blackened for all time.
In days gone by men fought with men, but now

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Men fight with God, nor fear to raise their hand
Against the Almighty. For a little while
May the presumptuous triumph, and their deeds
Go unrequited, but the Lord our God
Shall rise and smite them in His wrath at last.

This Dear, Dear Land

I KNOW not, in this dark and fateful hour,
What England is to others, but to me
She is a noble heritage, a sea
Of mighty memories, a gracious power,
A tender, loving mother, a strong tower
Of refuge for the oppressed that would be free.
The bulwark of that ancient liberty
She gives to all her sons, a sacred dower.

Such are the thoughts of England that must stir
An English heart, and this dear land again
Her children of to-day shall live to save,
Or if they fall, they will not fall in vain ;
No life is comelier than the life she gave,
No death more splendid than to die for her.

The Splendid Vision

WHILE the whole world is filled with noise of battle,
And cries from many a devastated land,
While day by day our bravest and our dearest
Fall to the scythe in Death's insatiate hand ;

Count it not wholly loss that peace is banished,
That in the shadow of the sword we live ;
To us the trumpet call of war has given
What comfortable peace could never give.

We have a deeper love, a surer vision,
To us, to us in majesty appears,
Yet once more with drawn sword and shield uplifted,
The ancient Mother of our hopes and fears.

O Mother England, if in easy peace time
Thy thankless sons forget thee for a while,
We shall not soon forget, who brought thee succour,
And in the hour of peril saw thee smile.

THE SPLENDID VISION

We are indeed thy children, and have loved thee,
Have known thee strong, and pitiful, and wise,
Have touched thy robe, and through the smoke of
battle

Have seen the shining of thy steadfast eyes.

O gracious Mother, lest with peace returning
Our hearts forget thee and this hour of pain,
'Take not thy presence ever wholly from us
Till death shall fold us to thy breast again.

Resolve

It cannot be that having seen the day
We should endure the tyranny of the night ;
For if we have not sinned against the light,
Nor made an idol of the sword, as they,
The powers of darkness set in proud array
Shall not o'ermaster us ; the sword shall smite
The abusers of the sword, and all their might
Shall wither, and their glory pass away.

No more shall lawless force be throned as God,
The troubled nations of the earth no more
Shall humbly wait upon a despot's nod.
And when the sacred cause for which they bled
Is surely stablished, we will turn and pour
Libation to the uncomplaining dead.

Killed in Action

NO. 1561. PRIVATE H. W. REID

ONLY a number and a name, one more
That dies for England. Might and majesty
And power are hers, and over land and sea
Dominion, great possessions and rich store
Of wealth untold ; yet though her heart be sore,
For him the mightiest of the powers that be
Can nothing now ; a mightier than she
Hath him in his sure keeping evermore.

She cannot promise recompense or fame,
Not even that his memory shall endure,
Or any mourn for him, his very name
Shall perish utterly, his lowly bed
Be unremembered ; yet is he not poor
That sleeps with England's deathless unnamed dead.

“ Strict Accountability ”

R.M.S. LUSITANIA. SUNK BY GERMAN
SUBMARINE, 7th MAY, 1915

LONG since their scattered bones are bleached and
bare,

Fishes have fouled them, waters have outworn
Their beauty and their strength, the shark has torn
The flesh of women and of babes ; they stare
With sightless eyes into the darkness : there
Is neither sound nor motion, but forlorn
And desolate they lie, with none to mourn,
That once were young and fortunate and fair.

Think not their living friends will heed their cry,
For war is hazardous and peace is good,
And since they have exacted gold for blood
What further claim have the importunate dead
That weary them with crying ? So these lie
Unhonoured, unavenged, uncomforted.

Vox Populi

YE peoples of the earth, put not your trust
In princes, nor in any child of man
Set over you in lordship, their desires
Are not as your desires, they have no care,
No fatherly solicitude for you,
They are not neighbourly like other men,
But ever the war fever in their veins
Surges and throbs and will not let them rest.
Their hearts are big with pride, they would be gods
That are but men like you : they know not truth,
Truth is no friend of princes ; from their birth
False silken flatterers whispering in their ears
Teach them the lust of conquest, fill their hearts
With vain imaginations, idle dreams
Of boundless world dominion. One will urge,
“ Your people are grown restless, learning tends
Too much to licence in the masses, some

VOX POPULI

Chafe at your rule and talk of liberty.
A stiff-necked generation ! We must curb
Their aspirations, check these wayward dreams,
And give them other food for thought ; a war
Will stimulate their waning loyalty,
And make you strong at home and feared abroad.”
Another : “ Frederick was called the Great,
The Conqueror William, Attila was named
The Scourge of God, and Alexander wept
For other realms to conquer, but the world
Is larger grown since Alexander’s day :
You may be greater than all these.” A third :
“ You have the mightiest army of all time,
An engine of destruction swift to smite
And irresistible, a weapon forged
And ready to your hand, an instrument
To make your will a law to all the earth.
What is an army but for use ? ” And he,
This puppet of an hour, this little man
With mind diseased by kingship, will exult,
And raise his hand, and send his armies forth
A devastating flood, and hideous war
Will thunder through the world. Defenceless towns
Will hear the clash of arms, and drunken mobs
Will loot and murder in their blazing streets.
And men will die for men, heroic deeds

VOX POPULI

Be lightly undertaken ; men will laugh
In face of imminent death, and some will go
Exultantly to battle, some will creep
In unavailing agonies of fear.
And thrones will totter, kingdoms will decay,
Homes be made desolate, and all the land
Be filled with lamentation and despair.
And he will be acclaimed the king of kings,
The lord of war, the mighty conqueror,
Because he sent his people forth to die.
Such are the kingly titles to renown,
And such the ways of princes : they are judged,
The mark of Cain is on them ; trust them not,
Nor hearken to their bidding. From henceforth
Shall men put off the bondage of the years,
For slavery is broken, and the world
Is grown too wise to be the sport of kings.
Wherefore let all the enfranchised peoples sing
The song of liberty and love, and send
This message to their rulers : We have done
With those that govern us in our despite,
The tyrant and the oppressor, you that make
A shambles of the earth ; we will not wear
Your hated yoke upon our necks, nor give
Our sons into your service. We have done
With such as Bloody William, Constantine

VOX POPULI

The Traitor, Ferdinand the Fox, and he,
The bully and the tyrant, that old dupe
Whom neither suffering nor length of years
Taught wisdom or compassion. Now no more
Shall blood be poured in rivers at your word ;
No more shall women broken-hearted weep
Their dearest sent untimely forth to death.
We will not be your slaves, we will not go
Like cattle to the slaughter, no, nor bear
Your reeking standards into foreign lands,
We have no quarrel with the peoples there,
They are our brothers and our friends, while you
Are enemies and scourges of mankind.
War is not of the people, war is bred
In courts and palaces ; the people die
That kings may reap the glory ; but the day
Is now not far when kings shall be no more,
And war shall cease in all the world, and love
Shall be established in the hearts of men,
And over the free peoples of the earth
Triumphant peace shall reign. When that day dawns,
As surely it will dawn, then not in vain
Shall be accounted all the blood and sweat,
The tears of women, and the fair young lives
Mangled and maimed, the panic and the flight
Of homeless peoples destitute, not vain

VOX POPULI

The labour and the wounds, not vain the rage
And all the nameless infamies of war.
Therefore we will salute the mighty dead.
Hail and farewell, you that have fought to-day,
Have fought and died for ending of all war.
Because you were the heralds of the dawn
And harbingers of morning, you shall have
Praise and high honour to the end of time,
For you have given to ages yet unborn
The imperishable heritage of peace.

The Watching Dead

IN God's good time this agony shall cease
And gentle peace return. But stark and numb
Some lie beneath Caucasian snows, and some
In parching desert sands, and some the seas
Engulf eternally. Remembering these
That crave not earthly peace, God grant we come,
When all the thunder of the guns is dumb,
With clean hands to the making of that peace.

With clean hands, and with heart regenerate,
Not seeking vengeance, purified by pain,
Nowise unmindful of the dead that wait
With silent witness of expectant eyes ;
Thus only may we turn their loss to gain,
And win redemption through their sacrifice.

17
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